



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV.—NO. 10.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 686.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND CANARY:

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

From Pratt's Gleanings through Wales, Westphalia, &c.

I Shall not forget, under the article superstition to mention, that in the pretty country of Skuytz, southward of Westphalia, they have an idea that cats are to be reconciled to a new residence only by coercive measures. In pursuance of which notion, a widow woman, at whose house I lodged, imprisoned a poor cat three nights and days in a dark room, to the entire destruction of my rest, and almost the cat's insanity, in order to make her in love with her new house. Now in England, you know, where cats are not a whit more remarkable for an amiable disposition, we should have stroaked the poor animal till she purred approbation; we would have permitted her to feed and sleep the first night by our fire-side, and so hospitably treated her, that at the breakfast table next morning, she would have found herself one of the family.

Not that I would have you suppose I am an advocate for the feline race, except on general principles of justice and mercy. A dog is often an example to his master, and a proper object of his love, honour, imitation, and good faith. But a cat I take to be (with very rare exceptions indeed) both a traitor and a sycophant. She is won to you only by fawings, and if you punish her on ever so just a cause, she either strikes immediately or owes you a grudge, the unexecuted malice of which she can hold till an opportunity of vengeance occurs. Even when you imagine you have gained her affections, she will desert you, like a faithless lover, and elope from your arms.

Perhaps, you may not think this the proper moment to introduce an anecdote of one of those insidious creatures. You may suspect me of imitating the grimaldin disposition by sitting down in malice. Were I about to become an accuser, it might be so; but what I have now to mention exhibits no charge, though it will report an unlucky event.

In this very town of Cleves, which with its environs will detain us some time longer, I was residing with a Prussian family during the time of the fair; which I shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings, where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home.

One day after dinner, as the desert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves and were suffered to play, and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by our party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good-nature, indulged their curi-

osity: a curiosity, indeed, which every body participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses; was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom, which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore finger. Bijou (jewel) you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honor; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels; beware their withering. In a word, deport yourself like the Bijou (the jewel) of canary birds, as you certainly are.

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left of speaking; add if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them.

That's good, says the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now then, let us see if you are a canary of honor. Give us a tune:—The canary sung. Pshaw, that's too harsh: 'tis the note of a raven with the hoarseness upon him; something pathetic. The canary whistled as if its little throat was changed to a lute. Faster says the man:—Slower—very well—but what a plague is this foot about, and this little head.—No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel.—Bravo, bravo, my little man.

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humored the variations both of tone and movement, and "the sound was a just echo to the sense," according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it ought to be) of musical composition—bravo! bravo! re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room.—The musicians swore the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band.

And do you not shew your sense of this civility, Sir, cries the bird-catcher, with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going thro' martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, my poor Bijou, says his owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a curtsy.

The bird here crossed his taper legs and sunk and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our belles to the blush.—That's my fine bird—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the striplings for ten miles around London might have blushed also. Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up.

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause, (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself, seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and scolded in *la parra* that sounded like the conscious note of victory.

Thou hast done all my bidding bravely, said the master, caressing his feathered servant; now then, take a nap, while I take thy place. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the popped god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other; at length the sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the man took him from his finger, and laid him flat upon the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honor to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, (in the progress of taking off which he was interrupted by the canary-bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again) the owner called him a faucy fellow, and began to show off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of these lay chiefly in ballancing with a tobacco pipe, while he smoked with another, and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner sprung upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of opposition. Tho' the dining-room was emptied in an instant it was a vain pursuit; his life was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awaked pity in a misanthrope. He spread him half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow. Well may I grieve for thee, poor little thing; well may I grieve; more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength and my happiness; without thee what will become of me. Thou it was who ensured my welcome in the best company. It was thy genius only made me welcome. But thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied only on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled in my breast at this moment! but trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table.

Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I contributed. I ought not to have taken away mine eyes when thine were closed in frolic. O bijou, my dearest, only bijou, would I were dead also!

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher; whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of

faded velvet, and taking out of it foms wool and cotton, that were the wrappings of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, (all of which he threw on the table, "as in scorn,") and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and savaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations.

ANCIENT VIRTUE.

WHEN Epaminondas and Pelopidas, at the head of a vast army, invaded the territories of Sparta, Icholas, a Spartan Captain, commanded one of the detachments which were stationed to check the inroads of the enemy. He soon perceived that his troops were too few to oppose the invaders, with any possibility of success. Dismaying, however to treat, and yet unwilling that the flower of his regiment should be thrown away, in a manner from which their country could derive no advantage, he carefully draughted off the young and vigorous, and sent them back to Lacedæmon, as persons who might hereafter be of important benefit to the state. But he himself, and a few determined veterans, whose lives were almost worn out in the public service, waited to receive the attack; in which after a most gallant defence, every one of them nobly perished.

What a constellation of virtues irradiated the closing scene of Icholas's life! The quick and exquisite sense of personal honor, which would not permit him to take even ungraceful measures for his own safety; the majestic fortitude, and the heroic contempt of life, which induced him to stand his ground, though he knew death was certain and victory impossible; the cool wisdom, the generous benevolence, and the disinterested patriotism, which caused him to consult the safety and the lives of his younger soldiers, while himself and aged comrades were so magnanimously prodigal of their own, supply lessons to all succeeding times. What could be more truly great, than, "Go, you who can be of future service to your country, but I will stay here and die!"

ANECDOTE of a former JACK KETCH.

Some years ago, while the old Newgate was standing, Jack Ketch finding himself dying sent for the curate of the parish, and thus addressed him—"Ah, Mr. Parson, I have helped many a poor dog out of this world, and I am now going out of it myself: and to tell you the truth, my conscience won't let me alone." "Well, well," replied the curate, "take comfort, you are not to blame; the men who suffered had been condemned by the laws of their country, and you were no more than the instrument in the hand of public justice." "Aye, but I am afraid I once hanged a man a little wrongfully, come I'll tell you all about it. One execution morning, when the men which were going to Tyburn came down into the pressyard, one of them whispers to me, as I passed close to him," "Master Ketch, could you do a poor wretch a kind service?—Twenty good guineas." "Are they all weight?" says I to him, "Aye, that they be," says he to me, "not a light guinea among 'em." "My heart was sorry for him; so I bid him to follow my directions, and I would see what could be done for him.—When you get to the cart, says I, and all the people about it, pop down when I make the sign, and slip under it, and get away among the crowd; but after he had done so, as ill luck would have it, I chanced to spy, among the mob, a journeyman tailor, with a thin white face, and a red night cap on; so I made a dash at him, seized him by the collar, and hoisted him into the cart. 'Tis as true as you sit there; the poor devil lifted up his hands and eyes and protested his innocence and all that, but I bawled louder than he did, and told the mob he went on it that rate in jail, and never would confess nothing. Now, Mr. Parson, I am really afraid I hanged this man a little wrongfully." [London paper.

ADDRESS.

A Humorous writer, in a London paper, observes, That every one has a peculiar address. The address of young men consists in deceiving women; the address of old men in being deceived by them. With a courtier address is the act of convenient submission; with a woman, dissimulation; with a coquette, being now complying, now repulsive; with a man of intrigue it is cunning, and with an ambitious man, policy. The address of a parasite is shown by accidentally dropping in at the hour of dinner; and the address of most debtors is to conceal their address from creditors.

SCRAP. Economy is the parent of greatness.

TO REFLECTION.

DAUGHTER of Silence! who dost dwell the scene
Where noisy mirth and midnight frolic dwell,
In terror's dress, or cloth'd in joy serene,
As angels lov'd, or spurn'd as fiends from hell:—
Oh! ever wait attendant on my side,
While life's rude path my aching feet explore;
Be thou my friend, each devious step to guide,
Lest folly tempt me to her faithless shore.
Each glim'ring prospect which the youthful eye
Beholds as pregnant with substantial joys,
Thine aid shall teach in reason's scale to try,
To grasp the substance, but neglect the toys.
So when that awful period has arriv'd,
Which shall the soul from mortal bands untie,
Oh! may I feel that, having rightly liv'd,
By thee supported I can freely die.

THE WRECKED SEA-BOY.

HE fleet sands and marks each rising wave,
That rudely dashes on the level strand;
And weeps to view the shatter'd bark they lave,
That bore him hither from his native land.
Or wet and shivering on the rocky height,
Some flattering cloud deceives his eager eye:
But ere th' illusion is obscur'd by night,
Fades with the glimmer in the western sky.
Nor drown'd his cry; he walks upon the shore,
Till faint and weary on the sand reclin'd,
He sits him down, to lift the forges' roar,
That roll tumultuous on his troubled mind.
Chill blows the air, now only fancy fees,
And the dew mingles with the wretch's tears;
Shrill whistles through the hulk the breeze,
While mid the parting clouds the moon appears.
To her pale lustre lifts his sparkling eye,
The scene conveys a sorrowful delight;
For there, he thinks, perhaps, and heaves a sigh,
His wearied spirit soon may take its flight.
Ah! why did man e'er trust the fickle wave,
Presumptuous o'er the trackless ocean roam,
Sure, ev'ry blessing nature meant, she gave,
Enough for life is surely found at home.
Those rays that shine upon his dew wet cheek
May mildly beam on her across the main,
Who walks the cliff, with fond expectation seek,
In ev'ry whispering sail his bark again.
Far, far away, the sea-boy yields his breath,
Unseen, unheard upon the cheerless isle,
No friend to sooth the agonies of death,
Or give the consolation of a smile.
No stranger visits there the wave-worn beach,
E'en there the savage foot neglects to stray,
No sound salutes him save the gulls' spray's scream
In wild contention how'ring o'er their prey.

THE TEAR OF BEAUTY.

SEEN down MARIA's blushing cheek
The tear of soft compassion flow;
These tears a yielding heart bespeak—
A heart that feels another's woe.
May not those drops that frequent fall,
To my fond hope propitious prove?
The heart that melts at pity's call
Will own the softer voice of love.
Earth ne'er produc'd a gem so rare,
Nor wealthy ocean's ample space
So rich a pearl as that bright tear
That lingers on MARIA's face.
So hangs upon the morning rose,
The chrysal drop of heaven refin'd;
Awhile with trembling lustre glows—
Is gone—nor leaves a stain behind.

WOMEN.

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oft-times they great errors see;
Here some times we a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplaced, at least a line awry:—
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An ALMANAC, to change her ev'ry year. SAM.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

THE following is a well authenticated account of a circumstance which occurred at Montreal in America.

Lieut. Joseph Shaw, who with several friends was hunting, poled himself on the top of a very high mountain, for the purpose of way-laying a fox, which he expected, as the woods were then in the woods, and at no great distance. He had not waited long before the fox came in view, on a crag of the rock, some distance below him; he fired and the fox dropped from the rock on which he stood, and fell directly out of sight down the mountain. The snow was exceeding hard and smooth, occasioned by a considerable rain which had fallen a few days before, and afterwards froze very hard. A considerable quantity of water had made its way from under the snow, a few feet from the verge of the precipice, and there frozen to a smooth solid ice, which added to the treacherousness of the place; a light snow which was then falling, made it impossible to distinguish between the incriminated snow and the ice: Thus circumstanced, Mr. Shaw ventured to the extremity of the ledge, to see what was become of his fox; when he had got within a few yards of the summit of the rock, he slipped upon the ice, and his feet slipping up, he fell instantaneously down the precipice.

A line drawn from the place where he slipped off the rock, to where he first struck, which was on another rock, measures fifty two feet and an half; he then fell fifty seven feet and an half further before he struck again, and from thence he fell twenty five feet and seven inches to the verge of another ledge, or benching of the mountain, where providentially he stopped, by catching hold of a small pine bush, not larger than a man's finger. When he stopped, he lay with his head so far over the rock that he could look down the ledge, where if he had fallen again, he must have descended seventy or eighty feet further, and probably have been dashed in pieces. As soon as he was able to call for help, two young men who were hunting, and were at the foot of the mountain, though they exerted themselves to the utmost of their power for his assistance, could not by any means get within several hundred feet of him. After some time had elapsed, his brother, Mr. James Shaw, hearing him call for help, though at a distance of near a mile, came to his assistance; after two hours' incredible toil, he at length got within five and twenty or thirty feet of him, and found it impossible to ascend any higher. Mr. Shaw finding no way to be assisted, found it necessary to extricate himself from his deplorable situation; he therefore, not without great danger, found means to get into his hand a dry small stick, the end of which he sharpened with his knife, and then by cutting holes into the snow and ice, drew himself on his belly to his brother.

Though the two brothers were now together, they found it very difficult to get off the mountain, which however they effected in about four hours; and notwithstanding Mr. Shaw had fallen so far, and was much bruised, yet he walked home to his own house, and very soon perfectly recovered.

DRESS AND FASHIONS.

HOWEVER the Parveys of fashions may impose on the public as geniuses they are in general mere copyists of ancient modes. There has not been a fashion introduced for the last twenty years, which is not to be traced to its source in old paintings, if we except those which seem to arise from the economical necessities of the times. In all fashions of dress, the changes are so frequent, as not to be worth the serious notice which some writers bestow upon them, altho' ridicule will often drive an absurdity out of the market before its time. The dress of our present beaux, their poultice neck handkerchiefs, pantaloons, overalls &c. will not be known a few years hence, any more than the fashions of 1770, which we now give as a curiosity.

The following, says one author, is the dress of a modern fine fellow: "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs; a club of hair behind, larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of a sixpence, on a block not worth a farthing."

THE LADIES DRESS.

THE Ladies justify their thinness and transparency of apparel, by deriving it from the Grecian, the Antiques, &c. and thus defending their immodesty by a sort of classical bulwark. At this rate, a satirist remarks, they may go on undressing, and plead paradoxical prescription, and the early practice at the toilet of Eve.

EPITAPH ON A VILLAGE MAIDEN.

STOP, traveller, and gravely muse on
The daisied turf of pretty Susan!
Death has been here, that thief, to pillage
The sweetest maid in all the village.

Her cheek was of the vermillion hue,
Milk-white her skin, her eyes were blue;
Her curling locks were brown as berries,
Her lips like two carnation cherries.

But what, alas! are pretty faces,
Adorn'd with all the loves and graces?
When death prepares the fatal dart,
Can these pierce the destin'd heart?
Ah no! since we are left to rue
The early fate of lovely Sue.

ANECDOTE.

AN Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an Ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward and bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. A friend observing that his clothes did not fit him—"How the devil should they?" says the honest Hibernian, "for when the tailor took measure of me, he was in London, and I was in Dublin."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1801.

In the return of peace to the old world, as an event interesting to humanity, United America will rejoice. The immediate effect of it, doubtless will be to lessen our commercial advantages, and to reduce the prices of the labor and the produce of our country. The suddenness of the change in these points must operate great injury to individuals; but gain in every branch of business will now take its level, and a regular order of things is most conducive to general prosperity, morality and happiness.

Capt. Smith, arrived at Charleston, from Gibraltar, informs, that before he left Gibraltar, dispatches had been received there by one of the captains of the Tripolitan cruizers, which were blockaded there by the American Squadron, from the Bey of Tripoli, directing his admiral to offer terms of peace to Commodore Dale. As the admiral was not there, Capt. Smith did not learn whether Commodore Dale had been applied to by the Captain; but it was generally supposed the Bey was sick of his warfare, and was willing to accommodate things on almost any terms.

Capt. S. further informs, a little time before he sailed, Capt. Dale being with the Frigate President, in Algeiras road, sent a boat, with a lieutenant and eleven men to Gibraltar, to offer such American vessels as were there, a conveyance up the Straits; on her return the boat was upset, and every soul perished. Commodore Dale requested Capt. Smith to make this unfortunate event known.

A murder was committed at New Haven, the 4th inst. by a negro belonging to New-York, named Jack, upon the body of a black man, belonging to the widow Hillhouse, of N. Haven. The murderer was secured.

On Wednesday night a vessel went into Dolliver's Cove, in Marblehead harbor, an inlet little more in width than the vessel, having all her sails lowered but the foretop-sail, and there grounded upon an easy bed, without dropping anchor. Her appearance in the morning excited the curiosity of the inhabitants, who on going to her, found her to be a schooner from Gibraltar, Hooper, master but no soul on board. It was afterwards found, that in the storm of that night she struck upon the Bimblea. There was on board the crew of another vessel, which had been sold. The whole took to the boat, carrying with them the cash proceeds of their voyages, and landed upon the Halte, where they spent the remainder of the night. In the mean time as the flood made, the vessel got free, and made her way into Marblehead as aforementioned; and in the morning the crew, relieved by boats from Beverly, arrived safe after her. We hear of no news by the arrival. [Salem Gaz.]

Extract of a letter from Petersburg, (Virg.) dated December 8.

"A melancholy instance of suicide occurred last week at Williamsburg.

"A man by the name of Cole, had often declared his intention of putting an end to his life, and had actually made several attempts to do so, but had been prevented by the

interposition of his friends. At length, however, having found an opportunity, he shut himself up in his room with a loaded musket, and applying the muzzle to his forehead fractured his skull in so shocking a manner, as to occasion his immediate death. The cause of this fatal resolution is not ascertained."

Extract of a letter from Captain Shurtliff, of the brig Richmond, to his owner in Philadelphia, dated Kingston, (Jam.) Oct 31, 1801.

"I am extremely sorry to inform you of my misfortune since I left Vera Cruz. The 9th of September I sailed for Philadelphia with about ninety-four thousand dollars property. Fifty-five thousand dollars in specie, and forty-five thousand or thereabouts in produce. The 10th, I was captured by the Crescent frigate and sent into this port where I arrived the 23d of this month, and ordered to quit the vessel, which they are now unloading, it is doubtful whether they will libel or not."

[There is 50,000 dollars enclosed on specie and cargo in this city.]

Shannon and Poole, auctioneers, of Philadelphia, have published the following caution in the papers of that city:

"After the unaccountable fire of last night (in which the exertions of all the citizens were unparalleled) we have the mortification to inform you, that this evening a fire consisting of coal, coals, bark and wood, was kindled by some incendiary, in a cellar, near a quantity of firewood, for no other purpose, than we can conceive of, but to consume all the buildings, &c. Dec. 14, 1801."

"No degree of wit and learning, no progress in commerce, no advance in the knowledge of nature, or in embellishment of art, can ever thoroughly tame that savage, the natural human heart, without RELIGION. The arts of social life may give a sweetness to the manner and language, and induce in some degree, a Love of Justice, Truth and Humanity; but stainments derived from such inferior causes, are no more than the semblance and the shadow of the qualities derived from pure Christianity." [Hannah More.]

EFFECTS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

The following Story was related by the Captain of a Guinea ship.

"We were sailing," said he, "on the ocean, with a cargo of slaves, when about midnight, the moon shining clear, some of the Spanish and black slaves upon the deck. They had no fire arms and no weapons, except the loose articles which they picked up on the deck. We therefore succeeded in driving them toward the stern of the ship. As I understood something of their language, I stepped forward, and told them that they might take their choice, either to return peaceably into the hold, or I would shoot the first man that refused, through the heart. A stout fellow, who appeared to be their leader, instantly stepped out, offered his breast to my pistol, and bade me shoot him for the first. I fired, and he fell dead at my feet. A second and a third followed his example, and met the same fate. A fourth succeeded in their place; but the sight of three men bleeding at my feet, was too much; I could proceed no farther; and I began to feel, also, that I was diminishing the profits of my voyage. By this time the survivors were so disheartened, that they surrendered at discretion, and we confined them in such a manner as to prevent a repetition of the tragedy."

That the above relation was given to the writer, can be satisfactorily proved if necessary. This is only one shade in the dreadful picture of the African slave trade. How great must have been the anguish of mind, and how complete the despair, of those unfortunate beings, to produce such a degree of desperate resolution, and astonishing heroism.

PETER PORCUPINE.

On the evening of the 11th October the populace of London, enraged at some expressions of Peter Porcupine reproachful of the peace, made a violent assault upon his house in Pall Mall, and his Printing-Office in Southampton-Street, the windows and materials of which were completely demolished. It seems he refused to join in the general illumination on that joyous occasion.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY.

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of HYMEN.

WOMAN's the noblest work in Nature's plan,
Without whom life would be a dry scene,
Form'd to ease her blam'd husband in man,
And make him ever happy and serene.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening the 30th ult. at New-Castle, Westchester, Mr JOSEPH NODINE, aged 24, to Miss AMY ALLEN, aged 18.

On Tuesday evening the 1st inst. near Hempstead, Mr JOHN LAYTON, of this city, aged near 80, to Miss STURBER, aged 40.

On Sunday the 6th inst. at Rariton, New-Jersey, Mr. JOSEPH BROKAW, to Miss HANNAH FOST, both of that place.

At the Friends' Meeting House, at Westbury, GEORGE WEEKS, to the Widow ANN POWELL, both of that place.

On Tuesday evening the 8th inst. at Morris Town, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr MORRIS FILLIPS, jun. to Miss HARRIOT KENNEY, eldest daughter of Major John Kenney.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Richard C. Moore, Mr PETER CORTELYOU, formerly of this city, merchant, to the Widow VAN PELT, of Staten Island.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr PETER HECEMAN, son of Andrew Hegeman, of Cow-Neck, to Miss PATTY RAMSON, daughter of William Ramson, of Great-Neck, Long Island.

MORTALITY.

Thus the stars too shall fade, and the planets decay,
All Time but his seasons shall know;
The Heav'n's themselves shall like dew melt away,
And the floods shall their banks overflow.

DIED.

On Thursday the 2d inst. at Hempstead, (L. I.) Mrs. MARTHA STARKINS, wife of Joseph Starkins, aged 69 years,--universally beloved, and much lamented.

At Rheims, Germany, a woman, at the age of 101, having had 19 husbands, and died up 27 children. She was attended to the grave by 120 sons, grand-sons and great-grand-sons; many of the former going upon crutches or led along blind borne down with age. She had herself 8 brothers and 14 sisters, all of whom made good use of their time, so that their old woman was sent to upwards of one thousand people.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE.

TO cheer the fighting love-sick swain,
Of passion soft and pure,
The Maid, with heart unknown to feign,
A MATCH sent from her store.

MUMBO JUMBO.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, Shakespear's celebrated TRAGEDY of

King Richard III.

To which will be added, the Comic Opera of

Robin Hood.

BOX 3d. PIT 6d. GALLERY 4d.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

MR. L DUPONT'S BALL.

Is fixed for THURSDAY EVENING, the 31st. inst. at the Old Assembly Room. No. 63 William Street, where a new set of Cotillions will be performed by his scholars. The Ball will open at 7 o'clock with a FARLANA by a pupil of Mr. Dupont.

COTILLION PARTIES.

Mr. Dupont having received from Paris, a very extensive collection of Cotillions, proposes to give lessons in private parties, for the improvement of such of the ladies and gentlemen of New York as wish to be instructed; and will use his best endeavors that they be perfected in those accomplishments. His terms will be reasonable, application to be made as above. Dec. 19.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE GENTLEMAN.

From SAVAGE.

A Decent mein, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace express:
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners, and the heart humane;
A nature ever great, but never vain.
A wit, that no licentious person knows;
The sense that unassuming candor shows;
Reason, by narrow principles, uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, biggot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taste; thence truth which will from taste ensue;
Unwilling censure, though a judgment clear;
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere:
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A Pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind....

ON DRUNKENNESS.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where Drunkards love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the Tippler's seat:

But in the sweets of temperance
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day ne'er sighs for slip or punch
To plague his head at night.

He, like a tree, most fair to view;
In some rich meadow set,
Safe from the drunken noisy crew,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

Gay as a picture, and as fair,
His countenance shall shine;
While Drunkards all around appear,
As filthy as the swine.

Not so the sot's disgraceful life;
He lives, poor soul, forlorn;
He's driv'n thro' tempest, din and strife,
Like chaff before the storm.

Drunkards will ever dare to stand
And box it face to face,
While justice with a stern command,
Appoints them all a place.

They can't behold the path they tread:
They bruise their bodies well;
While temperance with naught to dread,
Sits happy in the cell.

♦♦♦♦♦

ANECDOTES.

A man at Paris has lately discovered a new plan for effectually curing smoky chimnies; and this discovery has been deemed of so much importance, that the first Consul has granted a patent to the person who made it. This citizen has now only to hit upon a plan for the cure of SCORCHING WIVES, and he cannot fail of making his fortune in France, or any other country.

A Gentleman in London, on hiring a servant from the country, in the capacity of a valet, asked him if he should be able to undertake the situation for which he intended him? "O yes," replied the countryman; "to be sure, I may be a little awkwardish at first as a body may say, but I think as how I shall very soon be able to shoot (fuit) your honor MORTALLY."

DRAWING SCHOOL.

I. JARVIS takes leave to inform the public, that he has opened his Academy at No. 144 William-Street, corner of Fair-Street, where Young Ladies and Gentlemen may be taught to draw in Indian Ink, Colors or Chalk, on paper, satin, vellum, &c. or to paint in oil on canvas. Hours of attendance for Ladies from 11 to 1, and Gentlemen from 6 to 8 every day, Saturday excepted. Terms 6 dollars per quarter. Entrance 3 dollars. Private lessons 1 dollar each. 684---4t

MORALIST.

THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

WHEN the Almighty was about to create Man, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. They stood in council around his hidden throne.

"Create him not," said the angel of Justice; "he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker."

"Create him not," said the angel of Peace; "he will manure the earth with human blood; the first-born of his race will be the slayer of his brother."

"Create him not," said the angel of Truth; "he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehood, although thou shouldst stamp on his countenance thine image, the seal of confidence."

So spake the angels of the Attributes of Jehovah; when Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal, arose, and clasping his knees, "Create him, father," said she, "in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness.... When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek and support him, and turn his faults to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his bowels to compassion and his soul to atonement. When he departs from peace, from truth, from justice the consequences of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them, and shall gently lead him to amendment."

The Father of All gave ear, and created Man, a weak faulting being; but in his faults the pupil of Mercy, the son of ever-active and meliorating Love.

Remember thine origin, O man! when thou art hard and unkind towards thy brother. Mercy alone will lead thee to be: Love and Pity suckled thee at their bosoms.

♦♦♦♦♦

Shortly will be published, an Original Novel.

Proposals (by Isaac N. Ralston,) for publishing by subscription, an original Novel, to be entitled,

MONIMIA,

OR THE BEGGAR GIRL.

WRITTEN BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

Part of which has appeared in the Lady's Monitor.

Of the work in contemplation, and which is now offered for public patronage, enough has already been published, in periodical numbers, to give an idea of it. This promise, however, shall accompany these proposals, that the errors which have made their appearance in the composition, and which were, in some measure, owing to the haste in which it was written, shall be carefully corrected, and every unimportant article particularly omitted.

CONDITIONS.

- 1 It is expected that this work will be comprised in one volume, of about 330 or 340 pages, duodecimo.
- 2 It will be printed on a neat type, and good paper, and be delivered to subscribers, handsomely bound and lettered, at one dollar, payable on delivery.
- 3 The work will be put to press immediately, and be continued with all possible exertion, till it is published.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Mr. DUPONT respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentleman of this city, that his School for day and evening scholars is now opened at the old ASSEMBLY-ROOM No. 63 William-Street.

Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to perfect themselves by private lessons in different characters of dances, as Allemande, Vally's, De la Cour Minuet, and Gavotte, with the Devonshire Minuet, or any other dances, &c. may depend on punctual attendance.... N. B. Those who honor Mr. Dupont with their commands, or require further particulars, will please to apply at his house, No. 78 Courtlandt-Street, three doors from the corner of Greenwich-Street, where Cotillions and Country Dances of Mr. Dupont's composition may be had. Nov. 14 6w.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE partnership of E. and R. JOHNSTON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Nov. 12, 1801.

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

The business is still carried on by E. JOHNSTON, Book-Binder and Stationer, No. 385 Pearl-Street, opposite Rutgers's-Street, New-York.

November 12.

ELKANAH JOHNSTON.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

REMOVAL.

HIRAN GARDNER, Ladies Shoe-maker, has removed his store from No. 114 to No. 91 Broadway, opposite the Trinity Church.

HIRAN GARDNER returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for their past patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting. At the same time he begs leave to inform them that he has received by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of FANCY LEATHER for Ladies Shoes, particularly supply of elegant, tea and purple colored Kid and Morocco.

NB. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

November 14, 1801.

81 6w

EVENING TUITION.

MR. DUPONT presents his respects to the young Gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his EVENING SCHOOL, was opened on Tuesday the 24th inst. at the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOM, William-Street. The subscription is now open at Mr. Dupont's house, No. 78 Courtlandt-Street. Mr. D. requests those Gentlemen who intend honoring him with their attendance, to apply as soon as possible.

Nov. 13.

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-Street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Aromatic Balm for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swans-down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

Quilted Silk Coats,

Made and for sale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has just completed a great assortment, which consists of the most prevailing colours, newest fashions, and of different qualities.

A few sent for trial if requested. Coats made to particular directions with care. October 31. 79 3m

J. TICE.

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-Street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store—where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillers, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe—with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale—A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the whitest silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new—To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

The person who about 8 weeks since, purchased a set of Winterbotham's History of America, from the Subscriber, and took the first vol. with him, is requested to call for the remaining vols. and pay, or return the one he took away. If he does not, his name will be made public.

JOHN TIEBOUT, 246 Water-Street.

TO THE LADIES

MANTUA-MAKING and MILINARY executed with neatness and dispatch at No. 192 William-Street.

Printed and published by J. HARRISSON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.